Wills has been much blamed for making Cromwell out to be such a wretch—a mean blackguard, not even a great bad man. But in plays the villain must not compete for sympathy with the hero, or both fall to the ground! I think that Wills showed himself a true poet in his play, and in the last act a great play\vright. He gave us both wonderful opportunities, yet very few words were spoken.

Some people thought me best in the camp scene in the third act, \vhere I had even fewer lines to speak. I was proud of it myself when I found that it had inspired Oscar Wilde to write me this lovely sonnet:

> In the lone tent, waiting for victory,
> She stands -with eyes marred by the mists of pain,
> Like some wan lily overdrencked -with rain ;
> The clamorous clang of arms, the ensanguined sky.
> War's ruin, and the wreck of chivalry
> To her proud soul no common fear can bring;
> Bravely she tarrieth for her Lord, the King,
> Her soul aflame with passionate ecstasy.
> O, hair of gold ! O, crimson lips ! G, £ac*j
> Made for the luring and* the love of man !
> With thee I do forget the toil and stress,
> The loveless road .th!at knows no resting place,
> Time's straitened pulse, tiie soul's dread weariness,
> My freedom, and my life republican !

That phrase " wan lily " represented perfectly what I had tried to convey, not only in this part bu^jp Ophelia. I hope I thanked Oscar enough at the time. Now lie is dead, and I cannot thank him any more. . . . I had so much *bad* poetry written to me that these lovely sonnets from a real poet should have given me the greater pleasure. " He often has the poet's heart, who never felt the poet's fire." There is more good *heart* and kind feeling in most of the verses written to me than real poetry.

" One must discriminate," even if it sounds unkind. At the time that Whistler was having one of his most un-